THE ADVENTURES OF KATHLYN-By Harold MacGrath

The Photo-Plays of This Stirring Novel Are Being Displayed in All the Leading Motion Picture Theatres through his pockets feverishly. "Thank God, here's an old stub! But paper?" hearts. But this I may say: Trials

The photo-dramas corresponding to the instalments of "The Adventures of Kathlyn" may now be seen at a number of the leading moving picture theatres. By this unique arrangement it is, therefore, possible not only to read "The Adventures of Kathlyn" in THE SUN but also to keep pace with each instalment of it at the moving picture theatres.

SYNOPSIS.

Kathiyn Hare, deceived by a forged cassage, believes her father, Col. Hare, to is hunting in India, has summoned She starts immediately to him.

balla, a protege of the King of Allaha, hopes to succeed to the throne. On a previous visit to Allaha Col. Hare had saved the life of the King, and as reward a decoration, carrying with it ad been conferred upon him.

dled and Umballa and the three illors of the Kingdom have thrown Hare into prison. On Kathlyn's in Allaha she is informed by mballa that her father is dead and she is the Queen. An elaborate n Bruce, a fellow passenger on at. Her father's servant, Ahmed, ching to present her with flowers, whispers his name and tells him g Bruce to her aid. She refuses ry Umballa. Council decrees she shall face

several ordeals with wild animals and if she survives she will be allowed to reign as maiden queen. She is rescued Bruce and they escape to Bruce's up in the jungle and then begins a long night flight on elephant back to At sunrise Bruce dismounts for and Rajah, suddenly taking fright, s into the jungle with Kathlyn, many adventures Kathlyn takes There she is discovered by a holy man, who believes he has pro-duced an ancient priestess, and decides to guard her against escape. On the fifth day the lion appears and Kathlyn flees to the river. Kathlyn lives in the jungle for many days before being disby a party of Mohammedan

decide to take her to Allaha and through the slave mart, is to a wild and beautiful yellow girl who is being auctioned. Imhe knows not what, he sur-he spectators by purchasing for the sum of 5,000 rupees. sends a message to Bruce by to his house, where she reveals Later she is taken before uncil, who decide she should be up. In the cell in the palace prison into which Umballa thrusts her Kathlyn discovers her father chained to At this very moment Bruce eives Kathlyn's message and rushes and the Council and demands the return After a fight he is overurns to the cell and attempts to part Kathlyn and her father. During the ensuing struggle he gets within the Coloeach and the prisoner's hand closes tightly on his throat.

CHAPTER IX.

THE colonel and Umballa swayed back and forth. Umballa sank to his knees and then fought madly to rise; but the hands at his throat were the hands of a madman, steel, resistless. The colonel's chains clinked sharply. Lower and zenana. Off with him!" lower went Umballa's head; he saw death peering into the cell. His cry her in the slave mart to-day." rattled in his throat.

Let the wretch die; let him feel death before the eyes of his rival. complications might follow Umballa's of what was to come. death did not alarm her. How could Bruce was conducted to the gate and her as few white women have been. Mercy? He had said that day that he knew not the word.

black caha! Die!"

But Umballa was not to die at that moment or in that fashion.

That nervous energy which had infused the colonel with the strength of a lion went out like a spark, and as Umballa rolled from his paralyzed fingers and lay on the floor, gasping and sobbing. Hare fell back against the pillar, groaning. The cessation of dynamic nerve force filled him with wracking pains and a pitiable

have hung by his chains. Kathlyn, with continued apathy, stared down at her enemy. He was not dead. He would kill them both prisoner. A flash of strength was Why, she asked with sudden passion, why this misery? What had she done in her young life to merit it? Underfed, dressed in grass, harassed by men and wild beasts-why?

Umballa edged out of danger and eat up, feeling tenderly of his throat. Next he picked up his turban and crawled to the open door. He pulled himself up and stood there weakly. him! But there was venom enough in his The tableau lasted a minute or then slowly he closed the door, bolted it and departed.

The ominous silence awoke the terwould be reprisal, something finished

'My dear, my dear!" She ran over to her father and flung her arms about An hour passed.

in, Kit; all in; haven't the strength of a cat. Ah, great God! if longer! Well, he's still alive. But, oh, my my golden Kit, to see you here be tortured like the damned. And it is all my fault, all mine!" The mar had once been so strong so

There were rare and wonderful jew

tures, and when she had done he bowed his head upon her bare shoulder and wept as only strong men mad

To Kathlyn it was terrible. "Father, don't, don't! You hurt me! I can't

After a while he said: "What shall we do, Kit; what shall we do?" "I will marry him, father," she an-wered quietly. "We can take our reswered quietly. venge afterward."

'What!" "If it will save you."

"Child let me rot here. What! Would you trust him, knowing his false heart s you do? The moment you married him would be my death warrant. No. If you weaken now I shall curse nough. I can die."

"Well, and so can I, father."

Silence. Afar a cockatoo shrilled; a augh came faintly through the window. and later the tinkle of music. Up above the world was going on the same as usual. Trains were hurrying to and fro; the great ships were going down the sapphire seas; children were a play, and the worldwide marts were busying with the daily affairs of men.

"Jewels!" she murmured, gazing at the sky beyond the grilled window. Was there ever a precious stone that lay not in the shadow of blood and misery? Poor, poor, foolish father! As if jewels were in beauty a tithe of the misery

"Ay, Kit, jewels; sapphires and rubies and emeralds, diamonds and pearls and moonstones. And I wanted them for my pretty cubs! Umballa knew that I would return for them and laid his plans. But were they not mine?"

"Yes, if you intended to rule these people; no, if you thought to take them away. Do you not know that to Winnie and me a hair of your head is more precious than the Kohinoor? put our heads together and plan some way to get out.'

She dropped her arms from his shoulders and walked about the cell. searching every stone. Their only hope lay in the window, and that appeared impossible since she had no means of filing through her father's chains and the bars of the window. She returned and sat down beside her father and rested her aching head on her knees, thinking, thinking,

Bruce, struggling with the soldiers and long since their fat flesh had been stung into such activity), saw Umballa appear in the corridor.

"Durga Ram," he cried, with a furious effort to free his arms, "Durga Ram, you damnable scoundrel, it would be wise for you to kill me here and now, for if I ever get free God help you! Oh, I sha'n't kill you; that would be too merciful. But I'll break your bones one by one, and never more shall you stand and walk. Do you hear me Where is Kathlyn Hare? She is mine!

Umballa showed his teeth in what was an attempt to smile. He still saw flashes of fire before his eyes, and it was yet difficult to breathe naturally. Still he could twist this white man's heart, play with him.
"Take him away. Put him outside

the city gates and let him go. Bruce was greatly astonished at this

sign of clemency. "But," added Umballa, crossing his lips with his tongue, "place him against a wall and shoot him if he is caught within the city. He is mad, and therefore I am lenient. There is no white woman in the palace or in the royal

"You lie. Durga Ram! You found

Umballa shrugged and waved his sound from Kathlyn. She hand. He could have had Bruce sho watched the battle, unfeeling as mar- at once, but it pleased him to dangle the fear of death; let him suffer as he fairs. This young white man loved had made others suffer. What new Kathlyn Hare. All the better, in view

the be any worse off than, she was? rudely pushed outside. He turned He had poliuted her cheeks with his savagely, but a dozen black officers kisses. He had tortured and shamed convinced him that this time he would meet death. Ah, where was Ali and Ahmed and the man Lal Singh, who was to notify the English? He found All at camp, the chief mahout having "Ah, you dog! Haven't I prayed been conducted there in an improvised God for days for this chance? You litter. He recounted his experiences.

"I was helpless, sahib." "No more than I am, Ali. But be of good cheer; Umballa and I shall me soon, man to man." "Allah is Allah; there is no God but

"And sometimes," said Bruce mood ily, "he watches over the innocent "Ahmed is at Hare Sahib's camp."

"Thanks, Ali; that's the best news have heard yet. Ahmed will find a way. Take care of yourself. I'm off! council their astonishment knew no weakness. But for the pillar he would Bounds. The clay tinted skin, the shaking hands, the dishevelled garmentswhat had happened to this scheme He explained. "I went too near our

> enough. They shall be flogged." "But the woman! "Woman? She is a tiger cat, and tige cats must sometimes be flogged. It is There is another sister, younger and weaker.. Our queen," and he salaamed "our queen did not know that her father lived, and there I made

> my first mistake." "But she will now submit to save

"Ah! would indeed that were the case. The tiger cats are always tiger cats, and nothing will bend this she must be broken, broken. It is my will," with a flash of fire in his eyes. The council salaamed. Umballa's Kathlyn's heart far more than will must of necessity be theirs, hate him darkly as they might.

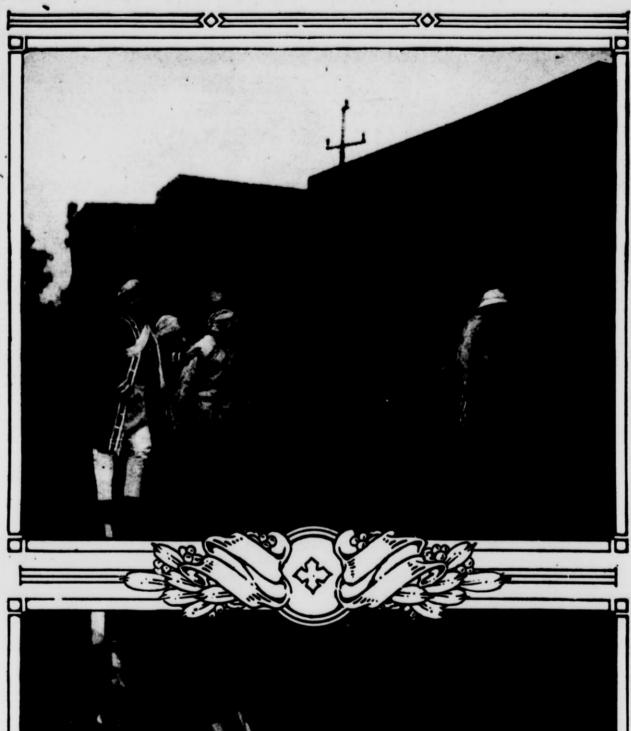
The bungalow of Col. Hare was

something on the order of an armed camp. Native animal keepers, armed with rifles, patrolled the menagerie. No im, supporting him and mothering one was to pass the cordon without explaining frankly his business, whence he came and whither he was bound. strength of a cat. Ah, great God! if By the knees of one of the sentries that strength had but lasted a moment a little native child was playing. From time to time the happy father would

stoop and pat her head. Presently there was a stir about camp An elephant shuffled into the clearing. He was halted, made to kneel, and Ah-

med stepped out of the howdah. hush!"

The little girl ran up to Ahmed joyfully and begged to be put into the
howdah. Smiling, Ahmed set her in the
howdah, and the mahout bade the ele-



"Return for me later," said Col. Hare. "Don't bother about me, get Kit away quickly. Umballa Top picture. Bruce peered through the barred window. "Listen," he said, "we shall hook chains to the bars and pull them out." may return at any moment.'

fully crawled out upon it some distance she became frightened, not daring to

crawl back. She prattled "elephant talk," but the old fellow could not reach her. The baboon in the near by cage set up a chattering. The child ordered the ele phant to rise on his hind legs. aboon's cage, which caved in, rather disturbing the elephant's calm. He sank

The baboon leaped through the opening and made off to test this unexpected liberty. He was friendly and tame, but freedom was just then paramount.

The elephant remained under the trees as if pondering, while the child began to cry loudly. One of the natives saw her predicament and hastened away

Ahmed was greatly alarmed over the y. So long as loss of the baboon. It was a camp pet na no of Col. Hare's and ran free in the camp brace whenever the Colonel was there. He had perate

he paused under a tree near the cages captured it when a mere baby in British and reached up for some leaves. The East Africa. The troglodite, with that child caught hold of a limb and glee-strange reasoning yet untranslatable. loved the Colonel devotedly and followed him about like a dog and with a scent far keener. So Ahmed and some of the keepers set off in search of the Colonel's

He went about the search with only half a heart. Only a little while before he had received the news of what had happened in the slave mart that after-It seemed incredible. To have easily, when he and Bruce Sahib had searched the jungle far and wide! Well and where there was life there was

Later Kathlyn was standing under the cell window gazing at the yellow sunset. Two hours had gone, and no sign of Umballa yet. She shuddere Had she been alone she would have hunted for something sharp and deadly. But her father; not before him. She must wait. One thing was positive and absolute: Umballa should never brace her; she was too strong and des"Yes, father."

"Kit!"

"I have a sharp piece of metal in my pocket. Could you " " My God, by my hand! " " when he "Yes father; I am not afraid to die.

and death seems all that remains. should bless you. He will be a tiger

"My child. God was good to give me daughter like you." She turned to him this time pressed him to her heart.

"It grows dark suddenly," he said. Kathlyn glanced over her shoulder a

'Why, it's a baboon," she exclaimed. "Jock, Jock!" cried her father ex-

The baboon chattered "Kit, it's Jock I used to tell you about. He is tame and follows me about like a dog. Jock, poor Jock!"

"Father, have you a pencil?" Yes, yes! I can write a note and at

tach it to Jock. It's a chance." "Good Lord! and you're cool enough to think like that." The colonel went

fully upon it. If it fell into the hands of the natives they would not under-stand. If the baboon returned to - It made her weak to realize how slender the chance was. She took tabaret and placed it beneath the window and stood upon it.

"Jock! here, Jock! The baboon gave her his paws. Deft-Then she struck her hands together violently. The baboon vanished, frightened at this unexpected treat-

The colonel did not reply, but began to examine his chains minutely. "Kit, there's no getting me out of

here without files. If there is any rescue you go and return. Promise. Then they sat down to wait.

And Ahmed in his search came to the river. Some natives were swimming and sporting in the water. Ahmed be a small warfare. put a question. Oh, yes, they had seen he had gone up one of the trees near by. Colonel Hare had always used a peculiar whistle to bring Jock, and Ahmed resorted to this device. Half an hour's perseverance rewarded him. and then he found the blade of grass. you!"

ungeon window by tree. Kathlyn," That was sufficient for Ahmed. He turned the baboon over to the care of one of his subordinates and hurried blankets. There must be no sound to away to Bruce's camp, only to find that he had gone to the Colonel's. Away went Ahmed again tireless. He found Bruce pacing the bungalow frontage.

"Yes, Sahib. Listen!" He told his

"The guards at all the gates have orders to shoot me if they catch me within the walls of the city. I must disguise myself in some way."

"I'll find you an Arab burnoose, hooded, Sahib, and that will hide you. It will be dark by the time we reach the city and we'll enter by one of the other gates. That will allay suspicion. First we must seek the house of Ramabai. I need money for bribery." empty. He had given all he had to the

Brahmin. balla's spies. Umballa had his suspicions, but as yet he could prove nothing. To the populace he was a harmless animal trainer who was only too glad not in any way to be implicated with his master. So they let him alone. Day by day he waited for the report from Lal Singh, but so far he had heard nothing except that the British Raj was very busy killing the followers of the Mahdi in the Sudan. It was a subtle inference that for the present all aliens in Allaha must look

out for themselves. "Sahib," he whispered, "I have learned something. Day after day I have been waiting, hoping. Col. Sahib lives, but where I know not."

"Ai! In yonder prison, where later we go. He lives. That is enough for his servant. He is my father and my mother and I would die for him and his. Ah! Here is the north gate. Bend your head, Sahib when we pass." They entered the city without mishap. No one questioned them. Indeed, they were but two in a dozen who passed in at the same time. They threaded the narrow streets quickly. skirting the glow of many dung fires, for fear that Bruce's leggings might be

revealed. When at length they came to the enter the front, but chose the gate in the rear of the garden. The moon was up and the garden was almost as light as day. "Ramabai!" called Bruce in a whis-

The dreaming man seated at a table came out of his dream with a start.

servant ran to the gate. "Who calls?" demanded Ramabai suspicious, as all conspirators ever are, It is I. Bruce," was the reply in English, flinging aside his burnoose, "Bruce Sahib? Open!" cried Rama-ai. "What do you here? Have you

found her?" Ramabai's wife, Pundita, came from the house. She recognized Bruce im

"The memsahib! Have you found "Just a moment. Kathlyn Memsahib is in one of the palace dungeons. must be liberated to-night. We need money to bribe what sentries are about." Bruce went on to relate the Bruce went on to relate th incident of the baboon. "This proves that the note was written not more

reach of Umballa." "Either my money or my life. In a month from now "What?" asked Ahmed. "Ah, I must not tell." Pundita stole

than three hours ago. She will prob-

time we'll place her far beyond the

ably be held there till morning.

close to Ramabai. Ahmed smiled. "We have elephants but a little way outside the city. We have pulling chains. Let us be off at once. It is not necessary to enter the city, for this vindow, Ahmed says, is on the outside.

From his belt Ramabal produced som "That will be sufficient. To you then the bribing. The men, should there be any, will hark to you. Come!" cluded Bruce, impatient to be off.

Have you money?"

"And I?" timidly asked Pundita. "You will seek Hare Sahib's camp, said Ramabai. "This is a good opportunity to get you away also."

Ahmed nodded approvingly Pundita kissed her husband, for thes

almost unknown in this dark, mysterious land of many gods. "Pundita, you will remain at th

camp in readiness to receive us. dawn we shall leave for the frontier And when we return it will be with might and reprisal. Umballa shall die the death of a dog." Ramabai clenched his hands.

"But first," cooed Ahmed, "he shall wear out the soles of his pig's feet in the treadmill. It is written. I am a Yet sometimes Mohammedan. vile fakirs have the gift of seeing into the future. And me has seen-

paused.
"Seen what?" demanded Bruce.

God, here's an old stub! But paper?" hearts. But this I may say: Trials
Kathlyn tore off a broad blade of grass from her dress and wrote carestorm, a whirlwind, a fire; but peace is

tools. Let us haste!"
"And 1?" said Ramabai, sending piercing glance at Ahmed, But Ahmed smiled and shook his head.

"Wait and see, Ramabai. Some day they will call you the Fortunate. Let us hurry. My memsahib waits."
"What did this fakir see?" whispered ly she tied the blade of grass round his Bruce as he donned his burnoose again. "Many wonderful things; but perhaps the fakir lied. They all lie. Yet-

> The quartet passed out of the city unmolested. Ramabai's house was supposed to be under strict surveillance, but the soldiers, due to la gess, were junketing in the bazaars. Shortly they came up to two elephants with how-dahs. They were the best mannered of the half dozen owned or rented by Col. Hare, Mahouts sat astride. Rifles reposed in the side sheaths. This was to be no light adventure. There might

the strange looking ape (for baboons bai and he consoled her. She was then did not habitate this part of the world); led away to the colonel's camp. Pundita flung her arms around Rama-"Remember," Ramabai said in part-

Half owe a debt." "Go, my lord; and may all the gods

-nay, the Christian God-watch over "Forward!" growled Ahmed. First. though, he saw to it that the pulling chains were well wrapped in cotton

warn others of their approach. "Ahmed," began Bruce. "Leave all things to me, sahib," interrupted Ahmed, who assumed a strange authority at times that confused and puzzled Bruce. memsahib, and I am one of the fingers

of the long arm of the British Raj. And there are books in Calcutta in which my name is written high. No more!" Through the moon frosted jungle the two elephants moved silently. A drove of wild pigs scampered across the path and the wild peacock hissed from the underbrush sleepily. All silence again, Several times Ahmed halted, straining his ears. It seemed incredible to Bruce that the enormous beasts could move

business; they were hunters of their kind. In the city few knew anything about at the rear of the prison walls. Here Ahmed, not even the keenest of Um- Ramabai got down and went in search of any sentries. He returned almost at once with the good news that there

so soundlessly. It was a part of their

was none. The marble walls shimmered like clusters of dull opals. What misery had been known behind their crumbling beauty Ahmed marked the tree and raised

"Yes, Ahmed. I'll risk it first." Bruce moved the elephant to the barred window. His heart beat wildly. He leaned down from his howdah and

"Bruce Sahib!" he called

his hand as a sign.

strove to peer within. "Kathlyn Hare?" he whispered.

"Who is It?" "Bruce." "Father, father!" Bruce heard her cry; "they have found us!" Ahmed heard the call, and he sighed

gether! God was great and Mahomet was his prophet. "Listen," said Bruce. "We shall hook chains to the bars and pull them out without noise if possible. The moment

they give . . . Have you anything to stand on?" "Yes a tabaret" "That will serve. You stand on it and I'll pull you up and through. Then

your father." "Father is in chains."

"Ahmed, he is in chains. What in God's name shall we do?" "Return for me later." said Hare, Don't bother about me. Get Kit away, and quickly. Umballa may return at any moment. To work, to work, Bruce,

They flew to the task. Round the looks Ahmed had wrapped cloths to ward against the chink of metal against metal. The hooks were deftly engaged. Bruce gave the signal and the elephants started forward. The chains grew taut. elephants leaned against the chains: the bars bent and sprang suddenly from

Kathlyn was free! (Continued next Sunday.)

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath.)

WHATEVER else may be said of Mistakes of English Pupils certainly not lacking in attractions for the man or woman with a sense of humor. The lapses of school children and their droll errors have often been the means by which teachers have convinced their friends that teaching isn't the wearisome profession it is

sometimes supposed to be after all. Correspondent, has made a collection of lapses on the part of English pupils. some of these are reputed to have made number of Englishmen laugh. A few selections follow:

"Finally James II, gave birth to a son and so the people turned him off throne.

"After twice committing suicide Cow-We can easily approach the wall in a per lived till 1800, when he died a natoundabout way without being seen. "The Tropic of Cancer is a painful

and incurable disease "The courage of the Turks is explained by the fact that a man with more than one wife is more willing to face death

than if he had only one. "When Chaucer describes the Prioress as 'aimable of port,' he means that she

was fond of wine. "When the last attack at Waterloo proved a failure Napoleon turned very pale and rode at full gallop to St.

"Much butter is imported from Denmark, because Danish cows have greater enterprise and superior technical educa-

tion to ours" "The Mediterranean and the Red Sea are joined by the Sewage Canal." "Cataract is the name of the mountain

on which the Ark rested." "An appendix is a portion of a book which nobody has as yet discovered to be of any use.'

"An elephant is a square animal with tail in front and behind." "The flannelette peril means petticoat

fering in which they were born."

"Woman's suffrage is the state of suf-